

1

1

Close-up - photograph. A small boy - 4 or 5 wearing an oversized policeman's hat. Freckles. Toothy grin.

Reflected in the glass of the photo - a dozen separate News 24 items explode onto a plasma screen.

The widescreen TV spews up a giddy-making cocktail of current affairs. These images usher in a fast set of very contemporary TITLES.

The TV with Dolby 5.1 dominates one half of the apartment and holds the attention of SAM TYLER. This room with its beams and varnished wooden floor has been converted from some vast Victorian factory.

SAM himself is smart, lithe, mid-30's. If he were a flavour he'd be spearmint. He is talking into his mobile and negotiating the News 24 menu simultaneously. Girlfriend MAYA cradles her coffee, watching him.

SAM

If we get the go-ahead I want base-point to be at the cross-roads ...

MAYA

Sam ..

He doesn't appear to hear her.

SAM

.. the suspect was positively id'd by the victim of the assault. Afterwards I want SOCO through every inch of the house. And I'm going to apply for the right to hold him for 72 hours if necessary ... Yes, I'm expecting to get it ...

MAYA

Sam?

He snaps the phone shut. Holds up two identical blue ties.

MAYA

The blue one.

SAM

Good choice.

MAYA

Sam, can we ...?

His phone rings. He shrugs - sorry. Has to take it.

1

SAM  
(into mobile)  
Sam Tyler ...

MAYA walks sadly out of the room.

He glances at her as she leaves - feels bad about avoiding a conversation. Turns his attention back to the phonecall.

SAM  
We're heading out there now...  
(dialogue continues over top of sc  
2) I want the Exclusion Zone to run  
from the junction to the end of the  
street. We're not losing this one  
because of sloppiness.

2

2

---

MAYA sits on the loo (seat down) with her own phone. She can hear SAM babbling ten to the dozen outside. She finishes leaving a phone message.

MAYA  
Don't know if you can understand.  
Maybe at some point we can sit down  
and talk.

She finishes the call. Cups her hand over her face.

SAM (O.S.)  
Maya? Heads up. We're on.

3

3

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Three unmarked Police cars tear past a row of defining 21st century shops - typical of a modern, vibrant city, turning off into a residential street.

4

4

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A white van caked in grime - "Heating Services". In the grime are written these words - Rooney Is God.

they hYe f\* n lnRsa(.12 217.2 -0.96 re f\* n BT /F10 12 Tf 8-iDE0.96ID spillm -0.21 Tc 0 0 . E.

4 CONTINUED:

4

SAM  
Colin Raimes? Police. Please open  
the door.

OFFICERS move forward with the battering ram but SAM motions  
for them to hold back. He knocks. Almost polite.

SAM  
Mr Raimes we have a warrant to  
enter the house and to remove  
property in compliance with the  
Criminal Evidence Act ..

Noise from round the back. Flower-pot knocked over.

5

5

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COLIN RAIMES (30s/ skinny / ginger hair / tracksuit) is  
already clambering over the back wall. MAYA is the first to  
reach him. He kicks her in the throat. She steps back,  
gagging. RAIMES goes over. CID struggle to follow but SAM  
takes the wall athletically.

6

6

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RAIMES running with frenzied vigor. SAM in pursuit. Like a  
sprinter - piston arms, set jaw.

RAIMES darts between moving cars. SAM does the same -  
matching madness for madness. RAIMES cuts down an alley. SAM  
stops. Scans houses opposite.

Crosses the street and goes over a gate. Over another garden  
wall just as RAIMES is running by. SAM leaps onto RAIMES who  
throws him off with a scream of rage. SAM reaches into his  
belt and whip-cracks his baton to full extension. RAIMES  
grabs a dustbin lid - gladiator's shield.

TWO BOYS watch them.

RAIMES swings the lid. SAM side-steps and lashes out with the  
baton which RAIMES deflects.

BOY 1  
(to RAIMES)  
Smash his face in!

RAIMES giggles - king for a day.

SAM  
Colin, this is going to look very  
bad on your arrest report.

RAIMES lunges at him. SAM parries and swings his baton into  
the back of RAIMES' legs. RAIMES crumples. The BOYS boo. SAM  
holds him down.

SAM (cont' d)  
Colin Raimes I am arresting you on  
suspicion of abduction and murder.  
You do not have to say anything but  
it may harm your defence ...

7

7

7A Pt

7A Pt

\_\_\_\_\_

Gleaming squad cars lined up outside a modern day terrorist  
proof Police Station. Two POLICEMEN stationed outside. SAM  
returns to the station.

He swipes his security fob for immediate clearance into the  
station - which it must be said more resembles the entrance  
to an expensive private clinic than an inner city cop-house.

7A pt

7A pt

\_\_\_\_\_

Sam walks down the corridor playing his voicemail

9

CONTINUED:

9

RAIMES

Colin Raimes.

SAM

Also present are the suspect's  
Lawyer, Social Worker and  
Psychiatrist.

COLIN is rocking in his chair and rolling a fag.

SAM

This is a no-smoking room.

The PSYCHIATRIST gives the LAWYER a look.

LAWYER

My client is advised by his  
psychiatrist to rely on certain  
auto-motive props.

SAM

Look at these photos Colin. Lauren  
Chester. Strangled to death in  
November last year. No sexual  
assault. Kidnapped. Held for around  
30 hours. Strangled with bootlace.

The photos show explicitly the thin welts running around the  
victim's throat. RAIMES looks away, groaning.

PSYCHIATRIST

You're upsetting him ...

RAIMES

Terms and conditions ... You need a  
hair cut ...

SAM

Bettina Mitchell. Attacked last  
Saturday. You said; "fight me and  
you'll end up like Lauren."

He slides his lap-top round to face the group - a computer  
identikit that is uncannily like RAIMES.

SAM

Look at this j-peg. The ID picture  
that Bettina gave us.

MAYA places the ring-binder on the desk. Trump card.

SAM

It's your diary Colin. Found it in  
your room.

(reads from lap-top)

From the diary: "I killed her.

(MORE)

She's been killed. I'm a killer. An ace killer." That particular entry is not awash with ambiguity. Dated November 4th; a day after the murder.

PSYCHIATRIST  
Colin's a first-rate fantasist ..

SAM  
So let's talk about the night of the abduction; November 2nd.

Something twigs with the SOCIAL WORKER who immediately refers to her Palm Pilot.

SAM  
Where were you on ..?

SOCIAL WORKER  
Hold on, November 2nd?

SAM  
Correct.

SOCIAL WORKER  
He was at our drop-in centre.

SAM looks up slowly from the lap-top. MAYA chews her lip.

SOCIAL WORKER  
Some kids had thrown fireworks at him. He was distressed. We brought him into the centre.

MAYA looks to SAM who is boiling inside.

LAWYER  
I think we're done.

SAM and MAYA try to hide their crushing disappointment.

10

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10

11

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11

High-tech, darkened room. TV screens run multiple suspect interviews - each gives his name, (HARRY BENFIELD, DAVID WESTON, MICHAEL SLAVIN, BARRY RICHARDS, BRENDAN CAIN) the last one is COLIN. Forensic results and criminal profiling

11

CONTINUED:

11

OPERATIVE taps in info. Print vanishes. Appears a second later accompanied by a selection of comparative prints.

OPERATIVE

Nothing new in with this weal and loop configuration.

SAM

Okay, let me try some bi-lateral cross-referencing here.

He pulls a chair up to a computer screen on the other side of the room. On the screen are microscope images - strange filaments. MAYA joins him.

SAM

Colin Raimes isn't our man. We'll go back to our best lead; the fibres found under the fingernails of the victim. Definitely synthetic.

MAYA leans forward to study the fibres on the screen.

MAYA

I think there's more to be had from Raimes. Let's lean on him.

SAM

And be sued for harassment of a schizophrenic? He's a fantasist. It's in his psyche-evaluation ...

MAYA

Screw the psyche-evaluation. You used to believe in gut feeling. What happened?

SAM

Nothing.

MAYA

What's going on in there Sam?  
(taps his head)

SAM

I can't think about this now.

She watches him engrossed in the flickering gobbledegook on the screen.

MAYA

Would it help if we interfaced bi-laterally, cross-referencing our professional and domestic lives? Would that make it easier for you to talk about us splitting up?





SAM  
Social Services will hit the roof  
if you ... Where are you? Maya?

MAYA (OVER MOBILE)  
.. Tailing him ... I .. in the..

SAM  
You're breaking up.

MAYA (OVER MOBILE)  
.. someone there. Someone waiting.  
Raimes is heading towards Satchmore  
Road... going to speak to the ...

SAM  
No. Maya? No. I'll send back-up.  
Maya?

The line is dead.

15

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15

16

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16

SAM's Jeep pulls up. Close up of a sign - Satchmore Road.

SAM walks through the desolate space. He crosses the  
playground to where a couple of COPPERS are standing near a  
swing. Maya's blouse hangs off the swing. Unmistakably hers.  
A single fleck of blood spoils the material.

SAM is horrified to the core yet his every sinew of his being  
fights to hold SAM TYLER in check.

SAM  
(softly)  
Preserve the scene and call in SOCO  
please. Whoever the killer is ..  
he's taken her.

17

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17

Sver u0 1 37Some cther1 90aire

18

18

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High shot. SAM is thrown in a tangle across the tarmac. "Life On Mars" builds on the soundtrack.

19

19

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FLASH SHOTS - Woods at night. POV of a young boy - Looking down at his own page-boy shoes pushing through the grass - brass buckles catching the moonlight.

Looking up through the dancing branches at the stars. Magical. Serene. The boy's hands reach up for the stars in the sky.

TOTAL BLACKNESS. TOTAL SILENCE.

20

20

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SAM unconscious on dusty ground. He is wearing a dated brown leather jacket and bell-bottom cords. "Life On Mars" can still be heard playing. SAM lifts his head. The music is coming from the 8 Track playing in the Ford Granada that he is lying beside. The door is open. SAM heads towards the car.

A COPPER arrives. There is something about his uniform that isn't quite right. He also has a large radio transmitter around his neck. COPPER helps SAM to his feet.

COPPER

What happened? Did you not see the signs?

SAM realizes that he is standing in roadworks. A development plot for the very same road he was driving on moments ago. A road which now seems to be in the process of being built.

COPPER

Do you remember what happened sir?  
[Beat] Sir, can you tell me what happened?

SAM glances at the beige Granada.  
Ingenieur pusapeks. Om the 8 r.

SAM

This .. This isn't my car. I was driving .. I was driving a jeep. .

COPPER

You were driving a military

COPPER

Can I ask if you've been drinking?

SAM

I'm not drunk.

COPPER

Says here you're on transfer from C-Division in Hyde. Detective Inspector.

SAM

What? I'm a DCI. What the hell are you ..? I need my mobile.

COPPER

Your mobile what?

SAM

My phone.

COPPER

He rifles through his pockets and pulls out a police 'badge' - a leather wallet containing a card with the name SAM TYLER.

22 \_\_\_\_\_ 22

23 \_\_\_\_\_ 23

SAM stands sweaty and panting staring in astonishment at numerous black bicycles that are lined up outside. A Morris Panda car pulls out.

24 \_\_\_\_\_ 24

Sweaty, dizzy and disorientated, SAM staggers into the tatty, poorly lit reception. No security swipe here. A road safety poster on the wall - squirrel with thumbs up.

The WPC

25 CONTINUED:

25

SAM  
 Water cooler. Where's the ...?  
 These doors have security acc...  
 Where's the swiper?

Never mind. He sees a PC struggling to get a cup out of the coffee machine. SAM gives the machine his customary tap but it doesn't work this time. He sets off again. Encounters a bedraggled WPC sponging blood off the walls. He marches on. Pushes through dirty swing doors -

26

26

A DOZEN CID stop and stare. Most are smoking. The air is opaque with it. Page 3 girls jostle for space with crime scene photos. Desks over-flow with ash-trays, coffee cups and paperwork. Most officers are dressed in cheap suits flecked with dandruff flurrys. The younger ones sport tight-fitting leather jackets. They look pallid and cynical. They are all and I mean ALL chewing gum.

Every fibre of SAM'S being tries to assimilate this. A gangly, affable DC (CHRIS SKELTON) approaches.

CHRIS  
 DC Chris Skelton. Plod's bringing in your stuff. One of the girls'll sort out your RTA. Don't sweat it if you've had a couple of stiff ones. Blimey, you look like you gone ten rounds with Big Henry.

SAM pushes by.

CHRIS  
 Someone needs to take a look at you Boss. You're as white as a ginger bird's arse.

DS RAY CARLING  
 There's that nice little plonk on the next floor. Cartright?

CHRIS  
 She could kiss it better.

SAM  
 (Loud)  
 Shut up!

Their good humour fades. SAM is standing with his back to an office which has the blinds down.

SAM  
 I don't know who the hell you lot think you are but this is my office. Right here.  
 (MORE)

(points into thin air)  
There's a door .. here. My desk.  
Here.

He looks down to see on the desk a calendar girl photo - all  
ti ts and arse.

SAM  
Where's my desk? Where's my desk?  
Chair. PC terminal ...

RAY  
Who? You want a constable up here?

CHRIS  
I don't know a PC Terminal. There's  
a PC Tellman ...

SAM  
What the hell is going on? This is  
my department! What have you done  
with it. ...?!!

CHRIS  
Ssshhh! Keep it down Boss.

RAY  
Too late.

Movement from within the office. Blinds twist open and a pair  
of dark eyes blaze out. SAM steps back.

DCI GENE HUNT emerges like a bear from a cave. Leather jacket  
and Texan cord tie. He shoves an Embassy No6 into his mouth.

SAM  
(calming himself)  
All right. Okay .. surprise me,  
what year is this supposed to be?

GENE grabs SAM'S arm, steers him into the office.

GENE  
Word in your shell-like pal.

---

SAM wrestles free and rounds on GENE.

SAM  
Big mistake!

GENE  
Yeah? What about this?

Clock, shelf, dartboard, darts trophies and notice-board all fall off the wall. GENE leers into SAM'S face. SAM grips GENE'S collars.

SAM

Get off me ..

GENE

They reckon you got concussion. Well I don't give a tart's furry cup if half your brains are falling out. You don't ever waltz into my kingdom acting the king of the jungle.

SAM

Who do you think you are?

GENE

Gene Hunt. Your DCI. And it's 1973. Almost dinner time. I'm having hoops.

GENE'S face is inches from him. Quiet, gravelly menace.

—

28

CONTINUED:

28

RAY

DS Burt's retirement fund.

GENE

Here we go lads. Hands in pockets.  
Rattle your loose change for me.  
Dig deep. Coins only. No buttons.  
(Beat) Get your hands off that,  
son. That ain't your money you're  
shaking.

SAM fumbles for the big grey telephone. He takes a moment to remember it then starts dialling a number.

OPERATOR

Operator.

SAM

What? I'm trying to reach a mobile  
number. 07700 900 813 ..

OPERATOR

Is that an international number?

SAM

I want to connect with a Virgin  
number. A Virgin ...

OPERATOR

Don't you start that sexy business  
with me young man. I can trace this  
call ...

SAM slaps the phone down.

A sound - like the wheezing of a hospital ventilator. SAM looks for its source. Hears another noise - the distant ping of what, for all the world, could be a heart monitor. The phantom sounds are swallowed up by bustle.

CHRIS puts down the phone and hurries over to GENE who is lighting yet another smoke.

CHRIS

Just had a shout; that bird  
reported missing two days ago?  
She's only been done in down  
Satchmore Road.

SAM

Satchmore? That's where Maya...

SAM sways and wipes his palms over his face - what is happening to him?

GENE

Suzi Tripper?





30

CONTINUED:

30

RAY

So then? Boss? Anything you wanna ...?

SAM

Ummm. Right. Yes. Right. You haven't visited. . . visited the crime scene?

CHRIS

What, where she was found?

SAM

Uhh. . . yes. . . where she was. . . Have you preserved the crime scene?

RAY

Body's on the slab.

SAM

Her body should have been dusted for prints on site.

RAY

How the hell are you gonna get dabs off skin Boss?

SAM

You are so right. How can you? What's the matter with me?

CHRIS

We did take some prints off her shoe I think it was. They've been sent down to Scotland Yard so we should hear back in a fortnight or so, if there's a match.

SAM

A fortnight?!!

CHRIS

Motive doesn't seem to be robbery. There's 27p in her purse plus a couple of Green Shields.

SAM

They could've taken the notes. Who'd bother with 27p?

CHRIS

I would.

SAM

No store cards? Credit cards?

RAY

Yeah right. We're looking for the killer of Jackie Onassis.

CHRIS

After pub closing time she stayed in the car park with a couple of fellas but that's cool.

SAM

C-Cool? Why?

CHRIS

We know 'em. Loaders from the canal wharf. They're all right. [GRINS]  
She was in the carpark giving 'em a downhill racer.

CHRIS mimes skiing - or if you prefer, he mimes a woman jacking off two blokes at the same time.

SAM

So you're not going to take statements?

RAY

It's not the.12 armad 2 Tm -0.204 2 Tm -0.208 | 1 0 0 1 168

31

CONTINUED:

31

SAM

Well.. Uh Chris, have a look.

CHRIS reluctantly lifts the sheet on Suzi

SAM

In the post-mortem file.

CHRIS

She wasn't fed for at least a day before she was killed.

SAM

And found in Satchmore Road.. Oh come ON! ENOUGH!

He runs to the wall and kicks it. Slaps it.

SAM

End! Stop! Over! Finish! ENOUGH!

SAM turns suddenly and flattens his back against the wall. He begins to notice the wall he is standing against. He feels the moist brick. Even sniffs the air.

SAM

The wall's wet .. Smell the preserving agent. Soap in the tray. Sandwich on the side. Half-eaten. Ham. Someone whistling outside ....

CHRIS

Boss .. you gotta get some rest. That crash has right done your head in.

SAM

My head ...

SAM crosses to Suzi. He lifts up her hand - long nails. SAM scrabbles behind him until he finds tweezers on the tray. He pokes around under the nails.

CHRIS

You just need a large scotch and a bit of kip.

SAM pulls a thin cotton strand from under a nail. (This identical to the forensic evidence located on Lauren Chester in 2005.) He stares and stares at it until his whole body is trembling.

SAM

(softly/awe)

It's him. He's killed before.

RAY  
We'll get a plonk to give you the  
once-over.

WPC ANNIE CARTRIGHT tips SAM'S head back abruptly and peers into his pupils. ANNIE is late 20's with a face that lets you know there's a good mind whirring away. She gives his head a savage twist.

ANNIE  
No broken bones then. Do you feel  
like you're going to heaven?

SAM  
I'm a bit nauseous.

ANNIE  
You'll do. You've had hangovers  
worse.

SAM  
Are you a doctor?

ANNIE  
I'm about as qualified as Dr  
Kildare. I'm part of the Women's  
Department.

SAM  
What?

ANNIE  
Lost kiddies. Hysterical  
girlfriends. Concussed DIs. Don't  
they have plonks in Hyde? Go on  
sir, off you jolly well trot.

He crosses to the window.

ANNIE  
What now?

SAM  
What's your name?

ANNIE  
WPC Cartright.

SAM

32

CONTINUED:

32

SAM

I'm sorry if I'm being a pain  
Annie. You've got better things to  
do.

ANNIE

(awkward)

Yeah .. now you're taking the rise.

But he isn't and she can see it.

ANNIE

Why don't you get some fresh ..

SAM

Who's Tony Blair?

ANNIE

Someone you've nicked?

SAM

Victoria Beckham?

She sighs and puts away her first aid bag.

SAM

Rupert Murdoch? Ricky Gervais? I  
was four in 1973. [BEAT]  
Hit me.

ANNIE

Don't tempt me.

SAM

Go on.

ANNIE

You've been in an accident ...

SAM

Hit me.

He gives up. Turns away. She suddenly punches him in the  
kidneys.

SAM

Ah! Shi t! Damn! Ah!

ANNIE

Sorry sir.

GENE throws open the door - clocks SAM bent double.

GENE

Good girl, prostate probe and no  
jelly.

(MORE)

32

CONTINUED:

32

GENE (cont'd)

Why don't you call it a day Tyler.  
Chris'll drive you to your place.

SAM

My place?

GENE

They gave us an address.

(beat)

Unless of course you're getting a  
taste for it in here.

SAM

We can't stop now.

GENE

[final] Nothing else we can do  
tonight.

33

33

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CHRIS walks SAM to his (CHRIS'S) car.

SAM

This guy kills and then he .. what  
.. waits another 30 years? Is that  
why I'm here? Because that's when  
he first struck? Does that make  
sense?

CHRIS

Yeah, loadsa sense.

SAM

Maya thought Colin Raimes knew the  
killer. Raimes ... Forget it, he'd  
still be in nappies ...

ANNIE

I can take him home.

She is standing with a STUDIOUS GUY, NEIL, in glasses who  
hangs back, staring at SAM. ANNIE is wearing a simple leather  
skirt and looks much younger out of uniform.

SAM

Can you smell that? Fish and chips?  
Amazing! I can almost taste the  
vinegar!

He bursts out laughing.

CHRIS

Take him, he's yours.

CHRIS is only too happy to get in the car.

33

CONTINUED:

33

ANNIE  
This is Neil.

NEIL  
(emphatic)  
Sam.

SAM  
What?

NEIL  
Sam.

SAM is disturbed by the way that NEIL is almost looking right through him.

ANNIE  
Do you want me to take you home?

SAM doesn't answer. ANNIE waves him away and turns to go.

SAM  
Help me?

She looks back at him. He is unabashed and vulnerable.

34

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34

SAM is appalled by the brown, spartan flat. His new home?  
ANNIE is carrying some shopping.

ANNIE  
This is it.

SAM  
(Aghast)  
Oh my God.

ANNIE  
It's not so bad is it?

She goes to the kitchen leaving SAM to examine the hideous wallpaper and the general strange 70's-ness of it all. He looks around for a bed, realises there is a fold out bed on the wall.

He clicks on the telly. Nothing. He waits. Still nothing. He turns away. With a mighty THONK the tv bangs into life - Richard Baker reading the news. SAM panics and jabs it off again.

SAM  
I'm not crazy. I'm not!

She brings him a beer. He studies the bottle.



SAM

I had an accident and then I woke up 32 years in the past. That either makes me a time-traveller, a lunatic or I'm lying in a hospital in 2005 and none of this is real.

ANNIE

32 years in the future; that's where you're saying you're from.

SAM

Maya . . . she's my girlfriend . . . she's been kidnapped. By the killer who strangled Suzi Tripper yesterday. It's the same man.

ANNIE

I think you should go to the hospital and ask them to check you for concussion.

SAM (CONT'D)

He'll hold her for a day and then . . . It'll be like Lauren Chester in 2005. Like Suzi Tripper here in '73. You see? It's the same killer in both times! And I can't help her.

ANNIE

Paranoid delusion brought about by your accident. It's not concussion, it's psychological . . .

SAM

Pretty fancy talk for a WPC.

ANNIE

I studied psychology at university. Durham. (a beat)  
I'm just saying it's a medical thing and you should sign off sick and see somebody.

SAM

What if you're my mind telling me this is real.

ANNIE

So you're in hospital somewhere and I'm a hallucination?

SAM

Do I really need 10ps for the meter?

34

CONTINUED:

34

ANNIE

You'll have to work this out on your own.

He stands in front of her. Close.

SAM

Thank you .. you know .. for talking to me about this without calling the men in white coats.

She is affected by his proximity.

ANNIE

I'm just keeping you distracted while they get a big net.

(serious)

DI Tyler .. you don't seem like the rest of them. And you're .. clever enough to know that what you're saying can't be true.

He reaches out and places his hand over her chest. She is excited by the sudden contact. He closes his eyes.

ANNIE

Yes, it's beating.

She pulls herself together, batting his hand away.

ANNIE

I've got to go.

SAM

Where?

ANNIE

What do you care? I'm not real. As soon as I walk out that door, puff, I'm gone. Here I go.

She opens the door.

ANNIE

Ready? Steady?

She shuts the door behind her. Silence. He waits. Flings it open. ANNIE is standing right there.

ANNIE

Get some rest.

He closes the door on her. The lights in the flat go out.

ANNIE (O.S.)

10ps.

35

35

Dreary, muted fanfare announces the start of Open University on the TV.

SAM is slumped in the big draylon chair holding a beer and half asleep. The GOATEED PRESENTER steps into screen.

GOATEED PRESENTER

In Module 3 we noted that the collective Pythagorean angles embedded in our x to n ratio could be derived from the simple numinary a as the constant 10 and depicted thus ...

Inexplicable diagram appears on screen.

GOATEED PRESENTER

But what concerns us most is regulating his breathing. That is why we have to keep the endotracheal tube in place. I have to stress to you that Sam is in low responsiveness but not in a persistent vegetative state ...

SAM'S eyes snap open. He is blown away by what he is hearing.

GOATEED PRESENTER

.. although he has suffered severe cranial trauma. But The Glasgow Scale does put him at a deep level of coma.

The GOATEED PRESENTER is peering out of the TV screen as though peering down into the eyes of a person lying on a bed.

SAM

You're talking about me! I'm not in a vegetative anything! Look at me! I'm here! I can hear you!

SAM comes down to the TV.

GOATEED PRESENTER

At times however he moves, murmurs, has motor response as though caught in some sort of powerful REM sleep from which he can not wake. This gives us some hope despite the brain-stem bruising ...

SAM

Hey! I'm here! Does this look like low responsiveness to you?

GOATEED PRESENTER  
All we can do is monitor and wait.  
(clicks his fingers)  
Sam. Sam? Sam Tyler?

SAM  
(overlapping)  
Wait? I'm BUPA! Get me out of here!

CUT: SAM opens his eyes with a start. He is sitting in the chair and must have nodded off. The GOATEED PRESENTER is still burbling on about angles and numinaries.

GOATEED PRESENTER  
(In the background)  
In Module 4 we will be studying what happens when the numinary is in flux. So the constant  $a$  becomes an elliptical variant. You can prepare for this module by reading the annotated chapter entitled "Variant Numinaries" in the accompanying module pack ...

SAM  
I'm here! Don't leave me ... I'm here ...

He sinks to his knees before the TV. Punches another channel. The test card pops up. Girl in a smock at the blackboard with a clown doll and a green balloon. Smiling out at him. And the test tone slicing through his head.

35A

35A

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Morning light seeping through. SAM asleep fully clothed on the bed. He blinks. For a second it was all a bad dream. Then he sees the wall paper in front of him. He sees the clothes on the bed. He sits bolt upright with a start as the awful truth hits him here!

He gets off the bed and prepares to hit the day.

36s

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(beat) Where are you today? Here or planet of the Clangers? \*

SAM doesn't respond. \*

CHRIS  
Didn't know if you were gonna show Boss. \*

SAM  
Where else could I go? \*

GENE  
Well we're honoured. We've pulled in a bird, Dora Keens. She was the last person to see the victim alive. \*

SAM  
She a suspect? \*

GENE  
No, just a pain in the arse. \*

SAM  
(resigned)  
All right, brief me in full. What do I need to know? \*

GENE  
She's a pain in the arse! \*

GENE and CHRIS come to a halt outside the Lost and Found Room. SAM Looks at the Lost And Found sign on the door. \*

SAM  
(wry)  
So you've handed her into lost property?

A Look between GENE and CHRIS.

CHRIS  
We could use the canteen but she's a right mouthy bird, this one.

SAM  
What? We're interviewing her in here?

GENE  
Thick walls.

SAM doesn't like the way he says that.





38

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38

SAM staggers onto the stairs. Drags in deep draughts.

39

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39

SAM braces himself as he returns to find the room empty.



He tries to push past GENE who grabs his arm tightly.

GENE  
First sensible thing you've said  
since you got here.

41

41

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A smoke-filled utilitarian pub. Led Zep on the jukebox. Man City flags on the wall. A few off-duty UNIFORM at the bar waiting to be served. GENE and SAM enter. GENE leans on the counter next to UNIFORM.

GENE  
Ain't uniform got its own boozier?  
You have to rubber-heel mine?

UNIFORM take that as their cue to leave.

The place is run by a colourful Rastafarian called NELSON.

NELSON  
DCI Hunt, mon brave.

SAM is stunned at NELSON'S splendid get-up.

NELSON  
You catchin' flies brother?

SAM  
So what part of my subconscious do  
you hail from?

NELSON looks to GENE dead-eyed then cracks up laughing.

NELSON  
I likes. I likes.

GENE  
Nelson's a good bloke. And some  
times in some places on some  
enchanted evenings he can be my  
eyes and ears. Ain't that right  
Tonto.

NELSON

41

CONTINUED:

41

SAM

Diet Coke.

Nonplussed glances from NELSON and GENE.

SAM

Just testing. Pint of bitter.

GENE

Give it up then.

SAM

The killer is either wearing thick gloves of some sort or he's using a bag or something made from coarse material. Gets under their nails.

GENE

You can't know that from one stiff.

SAM

I've seen another ... I'm telling you ... Oh forget it! This is all bull anyway. You're just a thug crawled out of some dark little pit in the back of my mind ..

GENE

Yeah? Gonna report me upstairs?

SAM

See you Gene. Give my regards to the Id ...

He walks towards the door. Suddenly a pair of large hands are on him. SAM bats the hands away and braces himself.

SAM

ALL RIGHT! LET IT BE NOW! RIGHT NOW!

GENE blazes at him. Is he going to strike? SAM shoves him. The entire pub looks on, dumbstruck.

SAM

Come on.

GENE glares. Then sighs and lights a cigarette.

GENE

You're new and you got something big crammed up your jacksie but that's okay. You'll learn. My team's tight Tyler. I never give up and I go for the maximum sentence.

(MORE)

41

CONTINUED:

41

GENE (cont'd)

But there isn't an officer under me I wouldn't take a chisel in the guts for. "I may be the Sheriff but I'm a Deputy to the Law." Now I don't mind if you wanna take a swing at me Deputy. If it makes you feel good. But what I do ask is that you don't hide anything from me. So, have you got a hunch about this case?

SAM

(panting / hyped)

With what I know, I could find this killer.

GENE draws deep on his smoke and weighs it up.

GENE

Prove it.

42

42

43

43

GENE, SAM and PHYLLIS enter.

GENE

If I'd known you were going to bring us all the way here Phyllis, I'd have asked you to hold my hand.

PHYLLIS

You try and hold my hand and you'll never play the ukulele again.

GENE

God you are a magnificent woman.

PHYLLIS

Hello Sid.

The room is little more than a dingy stock cupboard with dexion shelving rising to the ceiling on all sides. A bare light bulb dangles from above. Each shelf groans under the weight of faded, mildewed box-files. SID MORTON is shuffling a cardex. 70s. Twitchy. Doormouse.

SID

Two at a time.

PHYLLIS

I'll leave you boys to it then.

SID

Mr Hall, what brings you down here?

43

CONTINUED:

43

GENE

Hunt Sid. My man here's got some questions for you.

SAM

This is ... it? No wonder we never knew he was killing them thirty years ago. Are these in any order?

SID

Excuse me young 'un. I've got a system here that'd give the British Library a run for its money.

SAM

All right, here's the list of criteria with cross-reference points. Let's get on with it.

SID looks daunted by the list.

SID

Cross what?

44

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44

45

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45

SAM is caked in dust, hair in clumps. Look of extreme determination on his face. He grabs CHRIS who is passing. Leads him away.

46

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46

CHRIS looks morosely at two huge mounds of paper.

SAM

Match the carbons with their originals. Concentrate on statements taken in the last year. You know what you're looking for?

CHRIS

Indecent assault, related sexual offences involving young ...

SAM

You got it. Pay particular attention to..?

CHRIS

Everything.

SAM

Fibres.

46 CONTINUED: 46

CHRIS  
Fibres. Sorry, I thought it was a  
trick question.

SID  
And don't mess up my system.

47 \_\_\_\_\_ 47

48 \_\_\_\_\_ 48

SAM watches the world go by - but what world? He pinches  
himself, sees the skin redden. Pinches himself harder until  
it really hurts.

48A \_\_\_\_\_ 48A

MAYA'S face as she peers at the fibres on the screen. (As per  
Sc 11).

48B \_\_\_\_\_ 48B

SAM is unnerved. He turns and walks back into the station.

49 \_\_\_\_\_ 49

SAM is briefing the team. Everyone either smoking, slurping  
tea or eating a Mars Bar. In some cases all three. SAM is  
using a blackboard to chalk up notes. GENE sits to one side,  
allowing him centre stage.

SAM  
To predict what this killer might  
do next you have to understand what  
he's thinking and feeling. That's a  
very powerful thing to be able to  
do.

RAY  
So's pulling a rabbit from a hat.

ANNIE is heading out.

SAM  
Annie? Annie! PC .. WPC Cartright.

She freezes. All heads turn to her. ANNIE withers. Shit.

SAM  
You're familiar with this case  
aren't you?

49

CONTINUED:

49

ANNIE  
(where is this leading?)  
Uhhh ... yes sir. I know the case.

SAM  
Can you help me out here please?

He glances to GENE who scowls but keeps his own council.

SAM  
Please?

ANNIE shuffles over to join him.

CHRIS  
Oh I get it, she's your lovely  
assistant.

SAM  
WPC Cartright has a BA in  
psychology.

RAY  
Come on then Bamber, give us our  
starter for ten.

SAM  
The victim wasn't gagged. That  
seems odd.

ANNIE is like a hare in the headlights.

SAM  
Why didn't he gag her Annie?

RAY  
Oh forget the mind-reading act,  
let's get to the striptease.

SAM can see ANNIE is riled by their laughter. She grits her teeth. He waits.

ANNIE  
Because he needed to .. needed to  
see her mouth. Her lips. [laughter  
dies in the room]  
We have to see the things we value.  
It's .. It's why we put trophies on  
shelves. It's called "the jackdaw  
trait".

GENE glances self-consciously at the darts trophies in his office.

SAM  
Put yourselves in the mind of this  
man. You're lonely.  
(

49

CONTINUED:

49

SAM (cont'd)

And in your dreams there's a girl.  
And she's got these big eyes and  
ruby lips.

Coppers just don't talk this way and it has an odd effect on CID. Some are suspicious. Others casually intrigued. GENE isn't sure what to make of SAM but he can see the impact he is having.

SAM

One day you can't take it. You find that girl and you bring her home. You don't gag her. You need to see those ruby lips. Why won't they smile at you? Then it'd be just like the dream. Perfect. But you can't bring yourself to kiss her.

ANNIE

He'd get embarrassed .. angry ..  
(warming to the theme)  
He'd start to blame the girl. It's her fault. She's taunting him just by being there.

SAM

You can't take it. You strangle her using bootlace. And then the whole cycle starts again with another girl. Only this time you're sure you'll be brave enough to kiss her.

ANNIE

Only he won't be.

A moment's ponderous silence.

CHRIS

(cheeky grin)  
I look at your lips all the time  
Cartright, d'you think I should  
turn myself in?

The group guffaw. ANNIE turns puce.

GENE

I think you should trot along now  
sweetheart, before I have to hose  
this lot down.

ANNIE

Yes sir.

SAM

Thank you ...

She hurries out of the room.





Let's not wait until another skirt  
winds up dead.

The team are goaded into action. SAM looks to GENE for approval.

GENE  
And let's just hope we've not been  
led up a blind alley.

SAM fumes but keeps it to himself.

---

50 CONTINUED: 50

RAY offers him a humourless smile and walks on.

SAM leans against the wall. Squeezes his eyes tight shut.

51 \_\_\_\_\_ 51

FLASH IMAGE - The multiple video interviews with suspects from 2005. COLIN RAIMES and others, saying their names.

And a sudden image of MAYA looking into his eyes.

And a sudden more shocking image of her blood-flecked blouse on a swing.

52 \_\_\_\_\_ 52

BACK TO SAM - he regains his wits. Drags out his note-pad and starts scribbling names madly.

53 \_\_\_\_\_ 53

SAM sits cross-legged on the floor with CHRIS and SID. All are surrounded by an Alpine range of papers.

SAM

Look for these names cropping up in  
any box in the room. Priority.

CHRIS

Priority. Wilco.

SID

So where did you get these names  
from?

SAM

Call it inspiration.

54 \_\_\_\_\_ 54

CID are getting slaughtered at the bar. SAM is hunched over NELSON'S private telephone which he has put on the bar. SAM watches RAY collecting coins in the now very heavy Man City sock.

RAY

DS Burt's retirement fund. Coins  
only.

He makes certain that SAM sees he has his eye on him. The OPERATOR comes back on the line.

OPERATOR

Sorry sir, I've checked and there's  
no Maya Roy listed in that area.



54

CONTINUED:

54

ANNIE

I hope you're right about this lead of yours. I'm telling you Sam, if you mess Hunt about you'll wish you were 30 years away.

SAM nods and walks to the bar. Watches ANNIE leave.

SAM

Large whisky please Nelson.

NELSON

Your day just don't get no better.

SAM

Never had a day like it.

NELSON

Drink ain't gonna fix things. What am I sayin'? I runs a pub! 'Course it'll fix things!

His laugh is infectious. SAM has to grin.

SAM

Nelson, I'm lost. Really lost.

NELSON'S grin fades away. The man looks sober and serious. His eyes fix steadily upon SAM. Suddenly NELSON looks like a man you can trust. And when he speaks, the broad Rastafili is gone. NELSON has a soft, firm Lancashire brogue

NELSON

You're not lost pal. You're where you are. And you have to make the best of it. It's all you can do.

SAM doesn't know what to say - NELSON'S accent change has thrown him.

NELSON

Keep it to yourself, eh. Folks just feel happier with the other Nelson.

SAM nods respectfully - once. Drinks his drink and turns to go.

NELSON

Good luck.

54A

54A

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SAM is asleep on his bed. He wakes up and finds himself surrounded by sheets of paper. He's been making notes (the notes he gives Annie in Scene 56).

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SAM slaps a pile of notes into ANNIE'S arms.

SAM

Look at this. Wrote them up last night. They're my notes from the real world. Films .. music ... wars ... Just check out the detail ...

ANNIE

Don't tell me, atom bombs over Moscow.

GENE strides towards him, lighting up.

GENE

Discussing psychology with your little friend?

ANNIE heads out on patrol.

SAM

Excuse me, I was in the middle of a conversation ...

GENE

Now you're in the middle of another one. I want Chris out of the Collator's den. It's a waste of flippin' time.

SAM

No it isn't.

GENE



SAM  
Follow the Yellow-Brick Road.

And off he goes.

ANNIE  
Well what'll you find? Mist? Big  
cliff? A white door?

SAM  
Don't know.

58 CONTINUED:

58

SAM

He doesn't gag them. He wants to kiss them so he doesn't gag them. But if they shout out, he could be caught. How's he going to keep them quiet?

The sound-proof wall is tatty. Clumps of fibrous padding hang in wispy strands from the wall.

SAM

Strands of material under their nails and on their skin. But it's not wool. Rough. Synthetic.

SAM tears a clump out of the sound-proofed wall. Fibrous strands in his hand.

59

59

---

SAM flies into the room clutching a hand full of the sound-proofing. GENE and the others look up from their conflag. GENE is still simmering from their previous head-to-head.

SAM

I know where the fibres come from. Sound-proofing! He's trying to muffle the room to hide the cries!

He dumps a wad of fibres onto the table.

GENE

Dora Keens's coat was found on rough ground an hour ago. Sleeve was torn. She was last seen shouting at a bloke loitering in the street at about 9.40pm.

SAM is shocked.

GENE

Stuff the collator's office. We gotta get out on the streets. Coz by your reckoning we only have a day to find her.

60

60

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The Cortina bounces onto the curb. A GANG OF KIDS look impressed. DCI GENE HUNT and DI SAM TYLER climb out. One is a tank in a camel hair coat. The other is a squared-away pedant in faded brown jacket. But fuck it, despite their disagreements they actually look like some sort of partnership.



60

CONTINUED:

60

GENE  
(to KIDS)  
Anything happens to this motor and  
I come over your houses and stamp  
on all your toys. Got it?

KIDS nod - in awe.

GENE  
Good boys.

Across the street PCs begin door-to-door enquiries. The hunt  
is on.

61

61

Door to door in an area that reminds us possibly of the  
Victorian terraces that SAM first raided in 2005.

A series of front doors opened on GENE and SAM. Between them  
they fill a doorway.

GENE  
All right love? CID.

Another door.

SAM  
We're looking for this woman. Dora  
Keens. Approximately five foot two.  
Curly-brown hair. Hazel eyes. Fake  
topaz necklace. Political badges.

Another door.

GENE  
Short, skinny bird in a big coat.  
Lots of gob.

62

62

SAM walking, dejected, Gene eating a hotdog. Low point for  
both of them.

GENE  
I'm gonna get heartburn coz of you.

SAM  
I know this road. I used to have a  
godparent lived here. What was her  
name?

GENE  
Right, we'll do the Paki shop at  
the end of the street and head  
back.

62

CONTINUED:

62

Sam looks at Gene, can't quite believe he's just said that.

GENE  
Straight up, how long's she got?

SAM  
He could do her tonight.

They cross to the car guarded by several KIDS.

GENE  
Excellent job gentlemen.

He tosses out 5ps.

A bulky Pye radio squeals for attention in the front seat of the car. GENE drags out the mike. Blows into it.

GENE  
Hunt? What?

CHRIS  
(over radio)  
I need to ..... Willi...  
Somethin... a name that he might  
... Do you reckon?

GENE  
Chris! Move about a bit.

CHRIS  
(over radio)  
Tell DI Tyler we've found one of  
his names in Sid's office. We found  
one!

GENE looks to SAM.

63

63

---

SAM and GENE return - men on a mission. CHRIS hurries towards Sam.

CHRIS  
It's one of the names you asked me  
to check. Rai mes. I only found the  
carbon. It was a statement she gave  
three months ago. Woman in her  
50's. Mrs Rai mes ....

SAM  
Beryl Rai mes?!

CHRIS  
You gave me the name Colin Rai mes  
so I thought there was a  
connection.

63

CONTINUED:

63

SAM

She's his grandmother. This carbon is smudged. I can't tell what she came in for.

GENE

Why's this Mrs Rai mes important?

SAM

Because we interviewed her grandson ... Look, it's a hunch. Okay?

GENE

Let's bring her in.

SAM

Maybe I should talk to her.

GENE

Why?

SAM

I don't want her .. flustered.

GENE squints at him - what the hell?

64

64

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Later. Sun is setting outside and everyone is aware that the day is waning. MRS RAIMES is in her 50's. Smoker. Typical working class grandma. Sunny disposition. Not all there. She sips her tea from the saucer.

MRS RAIMES

Ooh that's lovely. What nice boys you are.

Entire CID investigation team are standing in a semi-circle around her.

GENE

Custard Cream Mrs Rai mes?

MRS RAIMES

Ooh ta.

SAM

Mrs Rai mes, you made a complaint to the Police three months ago.

MRS RAIMES

I saw a lady policeman. Nice girl. No life for 'em is it.

SAM

You came to complain about a neighbour.

(MORE)



GENE

I love pink wafers. I love those boxes of wafers you get at Christmas.

MRS RAIMES

Ooh they are lovely. Expensive mind.

GENE

They are, aren't they.

MRS RAIMES

I sometimes get 'em in for me grandson.

GENE

Bet that takes a bite out the housekeeping.

CHRIS returns with a packet of Garibaldi's.

GENE

Chris, run down to the canteen. See if they got any pink wafers.

CHRIS

Now Guv?

One look from GENE sends him on his way.

SAM

Uhh .. is this helping ..?

GENE

Fig Rolls.

MRS RAIMES

I love 'em pet.

GENE

You want another cuppa?

MRS RAIMES

Grand.

GENE

And don't you go worrying yourself about this neighbour business, it's not important. Not important at all.

MRS RAIMES smiles gratefully. SAM looks baffled.

GENE

D'you have sugar love?

64

CONTINUED:

64

MRS RAIMES

The lad next door. Number 20.

The room holds its breath.

GENE

(blithe)

Oh yeah? What about him my love?

MRS RAIMES

He's a builder or something. Works odd hours an' all. Well he's playin' his record player all night. Bash. Crash. Bam. And he's not even local. He's from down south somewhere.

GENE

That's not on is it.

SAM

(disappointed)

And that's why you came in. To make a complaint about the noise from his stereo.

MRS RAIMES

And it did the trick pet. He still lives there, but you can't hear a thing now.

SAM shoots a look to GENE. Then suddenly before the assembled team of baffled CID, SAM and GENE are running for the door.

GENE

(shouts over shoulder)

Back-up to 20, Kennel Road, NOW!

65

65

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GENE drives like a maniac. SAM holds on for dear life.

PHYLLIS VO

(through radio)

Suspect is Edward Kramer.

GENE

We may need uniform back-up. Got that Phyllis?

SAM

You will tread carefully ...

GENE'S look says "remember who you're talking to."

65 CONTINUED: 65

SAM  
We don't even have a warrant yet.

66 \_\_\_\_\_ 66

Outside KRAMER'S house. GENE kicks the door in.

SAM  
Congratulations, you've just  
invalidated our search.

GENE  
That's disconcerting.

67 \_\_\_\_\_ 67

House is a sty. Carpets ripped up. Food tins and sour milk.  
Pipes resting against the wall. Rolls of lagging stacked up.

SAM  
Pipe-lagging.

GENE  
Police! Kramer! Edward Kramer!

SAM  
Ssh! What's that?

A thumping noise. Very muffled.

68 \_\_\_\_\_ 68

Like a teenage boy's bedroom. Posters of Frank Zappa and  
Cream on the walls. Walls which have been covered with egg-  
boxes and swathed in rolls of bushy, fibrous pipe-lagging.  
Even over the windows.

The stereo plays loudly in the corner. GENE switches it off.  
SAM runs to the bound DORA who is crunched up against the  
lagging in terror.

SAM  
It's okay. Police. Dora? Remember  
me? We've found you. We've found  
you.

A dishevelled young man with wild hair steps into the room  
carrying some sandwiches. EDWARD KRAMER. He clocks the  
coppers. GENE is on him like a ton of bricks.

69 \_\_\_\_\_ 69

COPPERS drag a subdued KRAMER to a waiting Panda car. SAM  
emerges.

He sees a grimy van parked in the street. 'HEATING SERVICES'.  
Different van from 2005 but the same company.

69

CONTINUED:

69

On the van is scrawled - George Best Is God.

In the next garden a skinny LITTLE BOY with ginger hair stands staring at him - a four year old COLIN RAIMES. Those piercing eyes blaze with fire at SAM then turn with real affection towards KRAMER. KRAMER gives the boy a wink.

MRS RAIMES is being brought home.

MRS RAIMES  
(to the small boy)  
Get inside Colin.

SAM hears this - haunts him. GENE emerges.

SAM  
That's Raimes' house. Maya was right, he knew the killer. We were one house away.

WIDE SHOT. Pull back to reveal that they are in the same street that he and MAYA raided. A tower block in the background.

70

70

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SLO MO - Cool as hell. Cream play "White Room" as DI SAM TYLER and DCI GENE HUNT lead KRAMER to his cell. Stride for stride. A team to be reckoned with in spite of themselves. The whole of CID are looking at them with respect. CHRIS catches SAM'S eye and gives him the thumbs-up. Nice going.

71

71

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GENE loosens his tie and pours a scotch.

SAM  
Kramer is never going to trial.  
He's certifiable.

GENE  
Naw, jury'll send that creature down forever.

SAM  
(holds up a letter in a baggy)  
This is the doctor's report from his last address in Watford. We found it in the house.

GENE takes the letter out of its evidence bag with his bare hands.



SAM

It says he's seriously disturbed.  
He'll go to a high security  
hospital ...

GENE

And be mollycoddled, indulged and  
be a good boy and get out in 20  
years. He'll still only be 40 odd.  
Then you know as well as I do that  
he'll kill again.

SAM

With the right treatment even a man  
like this can be rehabilitated.

GENE

He's evil.

SAM

I don't believe in evil.

GENE

Is that your gut-feeling?

SAM looks a little guilty - denying his feelings. Then a new  
thought hits him.

SAM

(penny starts to drop)  
Hang on. He goes to a psychiatric  
unit. He gets out in say .. 2003?  
2004?

GENE

Maybe. Maybe he tries to be good  
for a while. But then there's that  
itch he has to scratch.

SAM

Oh my God ... That's why he doesn't  
kill for so long! That's why  
there's a thirty year gap! We put  
him away in hospital and he gets  
out in 30 years. Then he kills. And  
then he kidnaps Maya!

GENE

What you on about?

SAM paces. He has made the connection to Maya's situation.

GENE

Look, forget the ruddy doctor's  
note. If the jury know they're  
trying a cold-blooded killer, it's  
life.

71

CONTINUED:

71

SAM

You told me you were a deputy to the Law.

GENE

The Law is putting bad people away. You wanna show a court that note?

SAM

They'll see it anyway. His medical records will be sent up from Watford ...

GENE

Watford? I don't even know where that is! I'm not getting anything sent from any sodding where! This piece of filth has been nicked in my division. I decide what happens next.

(off SAM'S look)

Fine, you got principles. So in 30 years when some poor bird's been kidnapped and murdered you can tell them all about how you had to show a jury that little note.

CHRIS

(pokes head in)

Uhh Guv .. Burt's back. Want me to get the retirement fund?

GENE nods, goes to leave. SAM grabs his arm.

GENE

What? Wanna have another pop at me? Or do you wanna get me suspended? If you like you can try your hand.

(beat)

And as for this note, I'm making it your call.

GENE walks out. SAM looks at the letter. It's an anguished decision. He finally screws it into a ball.

Through the window he watches DS BURT nervously take his desk. He's about 27.

GENE is handed the Man City sock fat and swollen with coins. BURT jumps to his feet as GENE starts to swing it. He sweeps everything off BURT'S desk in one blow.

GENE

You got your doubts Burt, take it to a priest. In here I'm Wyatt Earp crossed with Jesus Christ.

(MORE)

71

CONTINUED:

71

                                GENE (cont'd)  
 You ever report me to the S.O again  
 and this will be your retirement.  
 Get it?

GENE empties the sock of coins across BURT'S desk. Everyone takes back the money they put in.

GENE looks back at SAM. Reckless. Scary. Magnificent. He strides to his office, pausing at SAM'S ear. Realizes SAM has screwed up the doctor's note.

                                GENE  
 Welcome to the team.

                                SAM  
 Thanks. Guv.

GENE gives him a nod - moment of respect. Marches on.

72

\_\_\_\_\_

72

73

\_\_\_\_\_

73

SAM sits completely alone in the canteen whilst a small ARMY OF CLEANERS wash the tables and floors around him. One of the cleaners, JUNE, is wiping his table.

                                JUNE  
 Are you okay Sir?

SAM nods and JUNE moves on to wipe the next table.

                                SAM  
 (quietly)  
 I'm sorry Maya. I don't know how to reach you.

                                NEIL  
 Sam.

SAM looks over. NEIL again - standing staring at him. SAM can hear the faint hiss of the ventilator.

                                NEIL  
 Sam. Can you hear me? Can .. you .. hear .. me? My name is Neil. I'm a hypnotherapist. I am speaking directly to your subconscious. At this moment I am sitting beside you in your bed on the IC ward of St James's Hospital.

                                SAM  
 I .. I .. What are you ...?

NEIL

If I am reaching you and you can hear me then I know that you can wake up. I choose to believe that you can hear me.

SAM

I can hear you. I thought I was back in ... I'm in a coma, yes? And you can help me ...

NEIL

Whatever you may be experiencing isn't real Sam. You can escape. You only need to take that definitive step. Do as I say and you will be waking up with your family and

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CONTINUED:

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ANNIE

He did psychology with me. I told him all about you. He .. He read those notes you made.

SAM

There was nothing in the notes about a mobile phone.

ANNIE

What?

SAM

This is just my mind trying to keep me here..

ANNIE

He's playing games with you. He's like that. Just .. Look down. Carefully.

SAM peers down. NEIL waits in the street, bouncing anxiously from foot to foot.

NEIL

(shouts up)

P-Please don't jump. Sorry. I'm sorry. Baaad joke.

ANNIE

Come away from the edge. There's nothing to wake up from.

SAM

I refuse to accept that.

He lifts one leg, grinning and thrilled.

NEIL

Please no! Don't do it!

ANNIE climbs up onto the ledge with him.

SAM

What are you doing?

ANNIE

We all feel like jumping sometimes Sam. Only we don't. Because we're not cowards, you and me.

SAM

This is my mind ...

ANNIE

Sometimes I feel like running away too.

(MORE)

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CONTINUED:

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ANNIE (cont'd)

I think "hang on, I'll never be more than a plonk with a girl's truncheon."

She holds out her stubby truncheon. Despite his predicament, SAM has to smile.

ANNIE

But at least while we're here we have the hope of making a difference. Maybe you're here for a reason. To .. To make a difference.

(beat)

Give me your hand.

She reaches out and carefully takes his hand.

SAM

What's that on your hand? Grit ..

ANNIE

Sand. I was running up here and I fell against the fire bucket.

SAM

Why would I imagine that? Why would I bother to put that kind of detail in?

ANNIE

You wouldn't. There's a real sand bucket and I really fell into it.

SAM stares at her. And she smiles a bashful, hopeful smile that suggests she feels a connection to him. And in that moment he feels it to.

SAM

(whisper)

What do I do Annie?

ANNIE

Stay.

He stares at her.

THE PICTURE FADES INTO A WHITE DOT IN THE CENTRE OF THE SCREEN. THE DOT WE ALL REMEMBER FROM SEVENTIES TV'S.

Sound of ventilator. Then SILENCE.